A VOLUNTEER IN LUZON

By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 2d Ore., U. S. V.

Sentry duty in the hot sun was one of the hardest the men had to perform. Those who have never experienced the intense heat of the zenith sun of the tropics can have no idea whatever of its wilting effect. Men collapse under it. The campaign hat universally worn by our troops even now, after nearly four years of experience, is not the proper headgear for that country. It clings closely about the head, and has no ventilation. Helmets were issued soon after our arrival, but they found favor nowhere, though theoretically and actually a more hygienic headpiece than the cloth hat. They were discarded absolutely when the campaign began. The men want a hat they can use for a pillow, or to cover the head if they have to lie down in the sun, and this requires something flexible. So they found the campaign hat the most practicable and serviceable, if not the most conducive to health, and clung to it, officers and men alike, while the sweat poured down from beneath its leather band in streams. The essential thing is to protect the back of the neck and the base of the brain from the ardent rays of the sun, and some sort of havelock is necessary. If an attachment of this kind that would be thoroughly practical as a part of the campaign hat could be invented, it would add much to the comfort and health of the troops. We were accustomed, those of us who took thought of our health, to sticking the end of a green banana leaf under the back of our hats and letting it fall upon our shoulders, thus protecting our necks, but this is a great bother and nuisance, and most men will not take the trouble.

They would rather tramp in the hot sun until they could stand it no longer and then go to the hospital. The havelock attachment would not ventilate the head, but some contrivance might also be invented to accomplish that purpose as well. That a new hat on more sanitary lines and yet embodying the convenience and practicability of the present campaign hat is necessary is evident to every soldier of experience. The trouble with this matter, as with most things for the better care of the army, is that the men whose duty it is to equip the army know very little, practically, about the various things upon which judgment should be based.

What does a Quartermaster, living in comfort in a house and arrayed in freshly-laundried white clothes and canvas shoes, know about the fine points of the campaign hat out in the field? What does a Commissary, like situated, know about the ration and its handling and use by the men? What does any officer of a department removed from the intimate and daily contact with the actual conditions under which the things he provides, purchases or invents are used know about the actual needs of the service?

Consolidated reports are well enough in their way, but they tell a great many lies and keep a great many secrets. It would do a little good occasionally if the Purchasing Commissary who buys canned tomatoes in three-pound tins for issue to the men could see the issue made and a little later see the men wasting half of it in order to eat the other half. It would do the Bureau Chiefs of the Quartermaster's Department good to march them 15 miles a day for 15 days under a broiling Luzon sun, with campaign caps on their heads, accompanied by the Purchasing Commissaries with their rations and the Ordnance Officers with the equipment. If it did not do them good, it certainly ought to do the service good, which is altogether a better thing.

THE TRIALS OF THE SENTRY.

Before I digressed I started to tell of sentinel duty in the hot sun. Sticklers as we were for strict adherence to the regulations and guard manual in everything, and the Oregon Regiment soon gained the reputation of maintaining the best discipline and keeping their men looking the neatest, and the best behaved, both on duty and off, it was not long before we discovered that it was wrong to make men walk post in the hot sun. We got a pointer early in this matter.

One day soon after we entered Manila an English army surgeon of many years' experience in India came over from Hong Kong to see the American army, having a great curiosity to see what a volunteer army looked like. In the mind of the average European military man the words "volunteer" and "raw levy" mean the same thing, and it is the European experience and opinion that "raw levies" are worthless. This is why they have always underrated the military power of the United States, not being able to understand the quality and spirit of our volunteers and the quickness with which they are converted into soldiers.

This surgeon visited the Oregon quarters and witnessed guard mount, made the rounds of the barracks, saw how guard duty was performed, how the men conducted themselves on duty and off, and when told the regiment had been in the service but four months, nearly half that time having been spent in traveling, he was astonished and almost dumbfounded. He declared that he could observe scarcely any difference between them and the best regular troops he had ever seen. He said it was the finest body of men he ever saw, but that we did not take proper care of them, and were abusing them by making them do duty needlessly in the hot sun, calling attention to the fact that the line had been established for guard mount on the sunny side of the parade ground, the Officer of the Day only being in the shade on the opposite side.

We took the hint and thereafter the guard was formed on the shady side and the Officer of the Day found shade for himself beneath the leafy but fruitless branches of a mango tree.

This was followed up by a guard order that sentinels could post themselves between 10 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon in some shady place where their entire post was under observation, and need not keep moving.

This led to an amusing incident. In November each company received about 25 "rookies," as recruits are somewhat contemptuously called by the older men. On the post at the battery outside the wall there were some special orders about not letting any person approach the guns except some member of the guard or the commanding officer, as well as the prevention of the taking of photographs, etc. Approaching one of the new men on post for the first time in the Philippines, and standing in the shade with what comfort was possible on a blistering hot day, the Officer of the Day thought he would test him as to his knowledge of his duties, and asked him if he could repeat the general orders for sentinels on post. He said he could not.

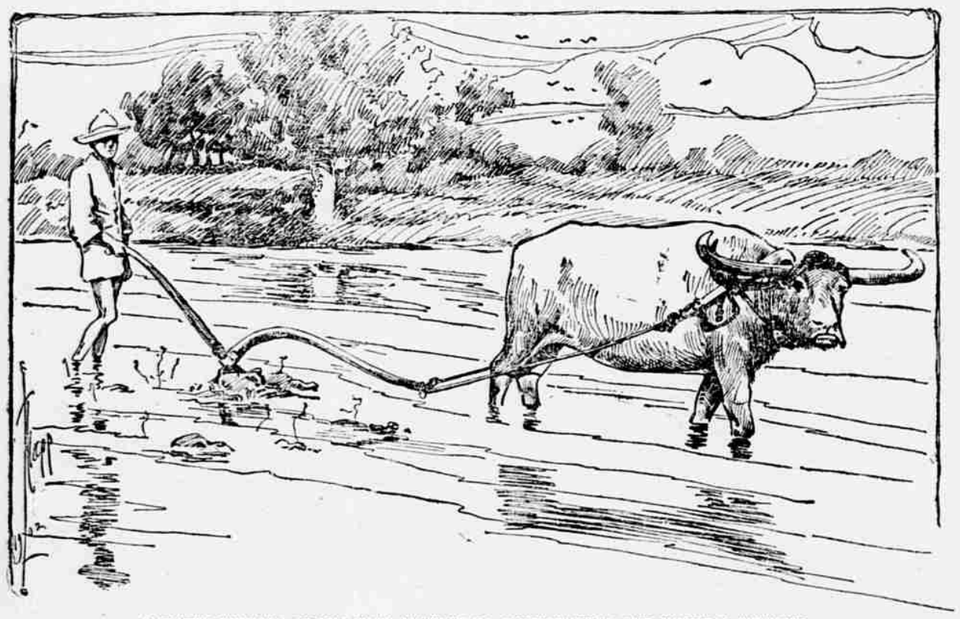
"Don't know the general orders, hey? Well, what are the special orders for this post?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Are there any at all?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Were you not given some special orders when you went on post?"



A WATER BUFFALO OF THE KIND INDUCED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE HOSPITAL SUPPLIES.

"No, sir."

"Do you mean to say that when you relieved the other man he did not tell you anything about what to do?"

"O, yes he did, sir."

"Well, I thought so. What did he tell you?"

"He said I could stand in the shade."

So much for Oregon. Another story that went the rounds was credited to the Tennessees. It was to the effect that the Officer of the Day in his perambulations about the posts came upon a lanky sentinel sitting comfortably on a bamboo railing. This roused his wrath, for while the men were permitted to stand in the shade, the permission did not include reserved seats. So he spoke sharply to the sentry about it, and then asked him about his orders, the conversation being very similar to that just given, until he asked him if the Corporal did not tell him something when he took post.

"Yes, sir; he did," said the sentry.

"Well, what was it?"

"He told me to keep my eye skinned for the Officer of the Day, as he was the meanest skunk in the army."

HOSPITALS, RED CROSS AND CANTEEN.

I have related how the Chief Surgeon of the Department at San Francisco sent the Oregon regiment to war in a distant tropical country, cut off from other sources of supply, to battle with fevers and inevitable bowel complaints, and with the expectation of actual fighting with the enemy, equipped with only 10 ounces of quinine, 200 cathartic pills for a thousand men, and only enough bandages to serve two men who had operations performed upon them during the voyage, and how, when the regiment landed in the Philippines, it had none of these necessary things in its medical and surgical equipment. At that time without question the Medical Department from top to bottom in the Regular army had not yet been shaken out of its lethargy and made to realize that there was a war on hand; that men were to be killed and wounded in battle, and that thousands of them were to be sick in hospital and thousands more to be treated in quarters, and that all this required not only intelligent forethought, but prompt action. The first expedition to the Philippines was permitted to sail without either of these.

I have spoken of the miserable hospital accommodations in Cavite and the great amount of sickness due to overwork in the hot sun before the men were acclimated, and to imprudence in eating. These conditions continued after Manila was occupied and for a time grew daily worse. There had been established on the banks of the Pasig River, across the boulevarde east of the walled city, a military hospital which the Americans at once occupied. There were six ward buildings standing, three on opposite sides of a flower garden, with an administration building in front and kitchens and storehouses in the rear, and a detached ward for contagious cases. The hospital was accessible from all parts of the city—in front by carriageor tramway and in the rear by boats on the river. This latter arrangement was of great service during the fighting to the north of the city, since the wounded could be sent down on the railroad and be transferred directly from the cars to a launch and taken at once to the hospital. So well was this matter handled that at the battle of Malabon wounded men were actually in the hospital in less than an hour after being hit on the field six miles away.

The complaint to be made of this hospital was the slowness in getting it into shape to care properly for its rapidly-increasing inmates. It was five days after the occupation of the city before I had an opportunity to pay the hospital a visit to see how a couple of my men were getting along. One of them was found quite easily, because he had been visited before and located, but the other was lost. After some search it seemed settled that he was in a particular ward, but the steward or head nurse had no register, and could not remember any person of that name. He said the only way to tell was to look through the ward. It was early in the evening, but pitch dark none the less, and taking up the only candle the ward possessed he began a tour of the room, looking at the names on the little slips of paper pinned to the wall over each patient, some of whom had cots and others lay on the hard floor on blankets. The flickering candle made it difficult to read the names, and while he was doing so I looked at faces, with the result that when he finally announced that there was no such man in the ward I had found him. While the candle was being used in this way all work requiring light had to be suspended.

I asked the steward how it was he had but a single candle, and he replied that this was the last of his allowance, the regulation allowance of candles being all the light so far provided. With thousands of lamps and thousands of gallons of coal oil to be had for the mere buying at stores almost within a stone's throw of the hospital, it seemed to me a criminal neglect to leave the hospital in the darkness of flickering candles, with the inevitable neglect of the patients that must accompany it.

Men lay on the floor without bunks at a time when well men in barracks were supplied with them. This was because the officers of the well men rustled to get their men something to sleep upon and the hospital authorities did not. The Quartermaster's Department was having large numbers of bunks made to order, and many of these had been issued to regiments. The hospitals would have had first issue of bunks had the Surgical Department made any effort to get them. Many of the bunks in use by the Oregons came from the store-room of a hospital near the cuartel kept by an order of Sisters, and others were the surplus supply of a hospital on Victoria street, where the Spanish wounded were cared for. These were as available to the Medical Department as to us, and would even have been given up for hospital use without a murmur had an order been received to turn them over. Accompanying me on this visit was the Captain of another company, looking for a man he had transferred to the hospital under order the day before. He finally found him lying on the floor of the ward where he had been first placed, and though more than 24 hours had elapsed since he had been dumped there, he had not been visited by a Surgeon. The steward and his assistants, it would be a gross abuse of the English language to call them nurses, had attended to his immediate physical wants and fed him what little he could eat. This was lesson enough for me, and the next time I had an order to transfer a man to the hospital I sent his bunk with him, and sent a Sergeant along with instructions to see that he was actually placed on the bunk and not to leave until he was certain the man was properly cared for. This custom I followed to the end, though things became very much better after a time.

The difficulty, as I was given to understand by a Surgeon, was that the policy of the Chief Surgeon was to save all the expense possible. He would not buy things needed, because somewhere in the stores not yet accessible those things existed already in stock. It was another case of consolidated reports against actual conditions, and the consolidated reports won the day. The reports showed that these things were on hand—cots, lights, oil, everything—somewhere in the holds of transports; therefore they should not be bought.

I have referred to the utterly filthy and disease-breeding condition of the Cuartel de Espana when the Oregons took possession. The Surgeon of the regiment went to headquarters and reported its condition and made a request for chloride of lime to disinfect the festering area of several acres. He was told he might have 10 pounds, an insignificant fraction of what he desired, being told that the Government could not stand the expense.

When the popular indignation was aroused a little later in the United States by the disclosures of the weakness and incapacity of the Medical Department in Cuba, instructions were cabled to the Philippines, so I was informed by one who claimed to know, to spare no expense in the hospital service and see that no new scandals or cause for popular indignation was given. Whether this is true or not, there came a great and sudden change about that time in the policy of the Department in Manila, and from that time on there was no expense spared to make the hospital service as complete as possible, with the exception that this Department, like all the others, made no special preparation for the war that broke out with Aguinaldo, and was caught entirely unprepared to handle a large number of wounded men, having but one operating table in the receiving ward.

It was at this early period of inefficiency of the hospitals and while at Cavite that I found use for a special sum of money that had been intrusted to me as an "emergency fund." The patriotic and loving women of Oregon formed, immediately upon the breaking out of the war, the Oregon Emergency Corps, subsequently a branch of the Red Cross Society, and from various sources, chiefly from a dress parade given by the regiment, raised enough money to give each company $100 to be used for the benefit of the men when needed.

I spent a little of this in San Francisco to buy fresh meat and vegetables for the company when we were living on tinned goods and bacon while in the midst of plenty. I also bought a large supply of tobacco, because the men had no money with which to supply themselves for the voyage, but this was charged up to them and the money collected and returned to the fund on the first pay day.

At Cavite I bought for the sick of the company canned soups, jellies and such things as the Sales Department of the Commissary carried in stock after it was opened, and a few things from the market for the company at large. I remember we had a very sick man, typhoid fever having run him down, and there was nothing nourishing he could eat. There was no beef extract to be had in the Commissary Department, and the little the Surgeon had started with had been used up long before. I made a skirmish of every store in Cavite, and at last I discovered in a sort of drug store just one little jar of a beef extract put up in England. It was the only one to be had, and I paid $3 for it. I also found about two pounds of tapioca in a little shop, and paid a good round price for it. There was joy in the sick-room when these things arrived, and the man always declared that it was only this that saved his life.

PROSPECTING FOR MILK.

Milk was another necessity that was not to be had for the sick. In the Commissary there was to be had sweetened condensed milk. This was well enough for us to use in our coffee, and we bought it for that purpose, but the sick did not like it. I had a young Filipino muchacho who rejoiced in the name of Juan, a rather bright but dark-skinned fellow, whose duty it was to sweep out quarters, get the mess for six of us, smoke cigarets, and sleep. He learned a little English in a few days, and I also learned a little Spanish, and I managed to ask him if it were possible to get any fresh milk. He said it was, and that he knew a man who could supply it. I impressed him with the fact, so I thought, that I must see that man immediately and to go for him. He went, but I did not see the man till the next day, when Juan came in and said the milkman was waiting outside, as indeed I found him, patiently squatting near the gate.

I made a deal with him to bring me a quart of milk every day for half a dollar, equal to a quarter in gold, and told him it was for a sick man and I must have it at once. I said the man "mucho malo, muy infirmo," and that I must have the "leche immediate." He replied "si senor," pulled his pompadour in salute and disappeared for two days. Then he came in with about a pint of chalk-white liquid in a milk jug that was made out of a joint of bamboo. I tasted the alabaster stuff, spat it out and, turning to Juan, I asked:

"Que nombre este?"

"Leche, senor."

"Que animal?"

"Carabao, senor."

That was it. Some water buffalo had been induced to contribute to the hospital supplies of the United States Army. It was not a success. Later, in Manila, the hospital authorities contracted for the entire output, or down pull, of a small band of Australian cows some speculative person imported, and there was milk in moderate quantities for the fever patients thereafter. But for the others condensed milk was all the company or officers' messes ever saw.

By a system of savings in the ration I was enabled to accumulate a company fund, as did all commanders, and additions to the ration for the company mess were purchased, including condensed milk for the coffee. We were gone a year and three months, during which time fresh milk was a stranger to us. When we landed from the transport at San Francisco on our return one of the boys was invited by a friend to take dinner with him at a restaurant. He was handed an elaborate bill of fare and urged to order anything it contained that appealed to his palate, no matter what it cost.

Carefully he scanned it from top to bottom, and then from bottom to top again, and then looking up with a smile of anticipation on his face, said:

"Give me a bowl of bread and milk."

THE TROUBLESOME EMERGENCY FUND.

The emergency fund did good work in all the companies, and yet it was the means of creating trouble for the officers who held it. On the transport going over, and occasionally in the evening in the crowded quarters at Cavite, some of the officers, not only of the regiment, but of the General's staff and the ship, played poker mildly, for very moderate stakes, and merely for amusement. As soon as the regiment landed some of the men of the suspicious and gossipy type began writing home that the officers were using the emergency fund to gamble with, and were squandering it instead of spending it on their companies. As a matter of fact, but a few dollars were lost or won by any of the players, and the officer most complained of lost nothing, being one of the winners, and therefore could not have squandered the fund, as charged by some of his company.

Others wrote that they did not know what had become of the emergency fund, they had never seen a dollar of it, and that the Captain must have spent it on himself or stolen it, apparently supposing that it was to be given to the men to spend, instead of being a trust fund for emergencies and to care for the sick, for the proper expenditure of which the Captain was responsible only to the organization which placed it in his hands, and not at all to the men of his company.

Even if divided in the first place, it would have been but a dollar each for the men, and would have done them no good whatever. With quite a number of dollars spent upon several sick men these healthy lusties who complained because they did not get any of it would have had even less than a dollar if division had been made.

Another equally foolish and groundless story written home by some of the men was that the officers stole the Red Cross fruit on the transport and sold it to the men and kept the money. In the first place, there was no such fruit on the ship. We sailed without any fruit available for the voyage whatever, a criminal negligence of the Commissary Department, to which I have already alluded. When we stopped at Honolulu Gen. Anderson authorized his Brigade Commissary to purchase some canned fruit and open a sales department on the ship, and, as I have stated before, this fruit was purchased by the officers, the men having no money, and charged to the men and not paid for by them until pay day two months later. Thus so far from stealing any fruit, the officers obligated themselves in large sums for the benefit of the men, my own account with the Commissary in this way exceeding $500.

Some of the fruit was the output of a California cannery using a red cross for a trade mark, and the sight of this on the empty boxes is all the foundation there was whatever to the story that fruit had been put on the ship by the Red Cross Society. There were other complaints written home by soldiers who did not take kindly to discipline at once, as is always the case. This was but a repetition of what occurred during the civil war. The home papers teemed with letters from soldiers at the front complaining of their officers and relating all the mean and senseless gossip of the camp. It will probably always be so under the volunteer system, especially under the system of State troops where the entire regiment, officers and men, comes from a single locality. A regiment organized in that way is too much of a family affair. Everybody at home thinks he has an ownership in it, and is entitled to say something about its management.

Notwithstanding the utter absurdity of these stories, notwithstanding the Red Cross Society at Portland had sent no fruit on the transport, and that they could have learned by writing to the San Francisco society that it also had not, and, further, notwithstanding the officers complained of were well known before they went to war as honorable men and were not likely to have been converted into villians by merely enlisting to fight for their country, there was a "regular state of mind" created by them. Parents were certain their boys were being abused and starved by their cruel and dishonest officers. Letters of protest and indignation were sent to the papers, and the matter reached such a pass that it was proposed by some that when the regiment returned home the officers be lynched.

All this, too, about a regiment that was making a reputation of being the best drilled, disciplined and behaved of any in the Eighth Corps, and all based as well upon letters written by only a few men in each company. To such a pitch did this feeling rise that when the Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society sent more money to be used for the benefit of the sick of the regiment, it would not intrust it even to the Colonel of the regiment, but sent it to Gen. Otis, who had the good sense to return it with the suggestion that the Colonel of the regiment was the proper person to handle such a fund.

It was not until papers began to arrive containing these letters and comment upon them some two months after the fall of Manila, that the officers or men knew anything of the tempest that had been created at home. There was great indignation in the regiment, not only on the part of the maligned officers, but the majority of the men, who had written no complaining letters, did not believe the gossip about the officers and understood the fruit transaction perfectly. Indeed, even the writers of some of the letters were ashamed of them, having learned more about a soldier's duty and necessary discipline in an army, and having had a better opportunity to understand what the sales department of the Commissary was and how it was conducted.

Several men who were sent home early on disability discharges before they had been converted into real soldiers, and particularly one of weak intellect, carried home these same complaints and gossip, and this added fuel to the flame of indignation. By this time the emergency fund had been entirely expended by some of the officers and nearly so by others. A written report was immediately made by most of them and transmitted to the organization from which the money had been received, showing just what had been done with it, accompanied in some cases by the balance on hand to close the account. One officer drew on his private funds and sent back the entire $100, though he had expended it legitimately on the sick of his company. Time gradually cleared up the situation and gave the people at home a better idea of what was true and what was false, and the sentiment became general that a soldier who wrote home complaining letters was a very poor kind of a soldier, and that parents who rushed to the papers to have such letters printed were exhibiting very bad judgment.

The result was that when the regiment returned the officers were not lynched, but were received with honors, and are today held in high esteem.

I have related this matter of the emergency fund and its collateral difficulties, not to revive an unpleasant episode, but because it bears directly and strongly upon the question of whether our present volunteer system is the best one we could have. There were other incidents bearing upon the same subject that should be related, and will be in their proper places—that should be considered in the summing up of the whole matter. Some of these occurred in connection with the work of the Red Cross.

(To be continued.)

Going to Sea is Different Now.

Going to sea as a cadet on an American Liner is a different thing from shipping as a cabin boy a century ago. The cadets, since they go aboard our ships with the expectation of commanding them some day, are treated, from the beginning, as gentlemen. They have their own sleeping quarters, and their own mess rooms. They rank as petty officers. They are under the supervision of the Chief Officer, who instructs them in seamanship and navigation. On the first voyage, they are paid at the rate of $10 a month. After that, they are paid $15 a month. Of course, they have no expenses. In reality, they have free instruction in the art of handling ships, and the small sum the company pays them cannot be considered as wages.

As soon as they become proficient, they are offered positions in the company's service, and many of our young officers were developed in the ranks of the cadets. Half of these apprentices are in the deck department, the others in the engine department. Just now, it is unfortunate that we lose some of our best junior officers, after we have trained them to be of service to us, because of a provision of the American law. The Government will not issue a Master's license to anyone who has not had experience as a Watch Officer, and, on the American Line, we require our Watch Officer to have Masters' licenses. The result is that our Fourth or Third Officers, before they can gain further promotion, must go to the service of some other line, where they can act as Watch Officers. Our idea is that no man should be a Watch Officer who is not capable of commanding a ship.

So many are the applications now for cadetship that we are taking only graduates from the three schoolships on the Atlantic Coast, the "St. Mary's," the "Enterprise" and the "Saratoga."

Few of the young men who apply for cadetships become officers, for the weeding-out process sends to other occupations men who are not fitted to be merchant-marine officers. Of the 129 young men who were appointed last year, 81 left the service. The first voyage usually is enough to weed out the most incapable. Those who do stay with us learn to love the sea. Captains' berths are waiting for them, if they will but prove their worth. Commanders in the service of the American Line are paid from $3,600 to $4,500 a year, the salary of the Commodore being $4,500 a year. The salary of a Captain is increased $100 each year he is in our service. Chief Officers are paid $1,400. The reason for the great difference between the pay of a Chief Officer and a Captain is that promotion from Chief Officer to Captain of an American Liner goes by way of commanding positions in the other lines of the company. The lowest salary we pay a Captain is $1,750 a year.—Success.

Charlie Short—"What do you think of the theory advanced by a scientist that soda water and ice cream are injurious to the complexion?"

Dolly Summers—"I think it's all nonsense. Why, married women haven't any better complexions than girls have."

CUBA'S FIRST WARSHIP.

The Story of Col. Prentiss Ingraham's Hornet.

(New York Sun.)

"While there is a good deal of talk these days about Cuba," said the man who likes to converse, "it should not be forgotten that the man who was first to float the Cuban flag over an armed deck is in New York city and is not bloviating about it, either. He is Col. Prentiss Ingraham, author, traveler, soldier, sailor and a lot of other things. In the Summer of 1869 Col. Ingraham bought in New York city for the sum of $5 the steamer Hornet, which had once been the Lady Sterling, a blockade runner captured by the United States Government and made a dispatch boat for the service of President Lincoln. A wealthy Cuban living in New York had bought her from the Government, and he sold her to Col. Ingraham for $5 because he wanted to. You see, she had to belong to somebody, and Col. Ingraham was the best man because he knew his business. She made two trips to Cuba as a filibuster, carrying arms which she took on board at sea so as not to implicate the United States in any act against a friendly Government, Spain being on good terms with us at the time. Col. Ingraham was in command.

"In October of 1869 she cleared from Philadelphia for Liverpool and put in at Halifax under stress of weather, or so it was stated. Here she was met by Admiral Higgins, an ex-Confederate officer and formerly of the United States Navy. The Hornet remained at Halifax until suspicion pointed so strongly her way that the British authorities were about to seize her a second time, though she had already been searched and nothing had been found on her which she had no right to carry. She left Halifax in such a hurry that she was fired on from the forts, but got away all right, making the run to Cape Sable, 60 miles, in three hours. At sea Admiral Higgins ordered her course southward and the 45 sailors on board mutinied, and there was a fight for the ship, the officers winning. Off Marthas Vineyard the ship was met by several small vessels carrying arms and men, and these were taken on board, and the Hornet became a fully equipped vessel of war, having 26 officers, 300 men and nine guns, one 100-pound bow chaser, two 60-pounders, four 30-pounders and two 24-pounders. Once at sea with this equipment, Col. Ingraham, who had been in command of her since her purchase, turned her over to Admiral Higgins, the officers receiving their commissions, Col. Ingraham becoming commandant of marines. Her name was changed to the Cuba, and Col. Ingraham with his own hands raised the Cuban flag over her, being the first Cuban flag ever to go up over an armed deck of a Cuban vessel, and, by the way, there has not yet been another one.

"Not long after this, a month or so, the Cuba was caught in a hurricane and had to put in at Wilmington, N. C., for coal. She had hard coal, which would not make steam, and soft was necessary. The Spanish mail steamer, with three millions in treasure and 200 Spanish officers from Cuba, had got away from her on this account and this was worse than a hurricane. She was suspected by the authorities at Wilmington, and though every effort was made to get away before she could be searched, it was impossible, as her engines had been uncoupled for repairs, and she was captured. Admiral Higgins surrendered her to Col. Frank, of the United States Army, but refused to pull down his flag until he had been tried and the ship was finally confiscated. The trial lasted a month and resulted in the acquittal of Higgins and Ingraham; the other officers were sent to Washington under bond and released later, and the men were paid off and discharged. The Cuba, however, was held and sent to New York, under command of Capt. Maffitt, formerly of the famous Confederate privatiersman Florida, and she was later taken to Baltimore, where she was left to rot. I understand she is lying in the mud down there now, and if she is, the Cubans ought to resurrect her and take her home."

In Two Decades All-Round Lawyers Will Be Scarce.

It may seem a gloomy and hazardous prophecy to say that, within 20 years, the individual or general-practice attorney will be extinct, save only in the remoter country districts. Yet, after observing the trend of events for a number of years, and listening, as the author has, to the stories of many hundreds of attorneys throughout this country, he is forced to this conclusion.

Reduced to a chemical formula, computed on a scale of 10, the sum of legal business may be said to be compounded of the following:

Real estate, 3 parts; corporations, 2 parts; commercial cases and "collections," 2 parts; wills and administration of estates, 1 part; accident and negligence suits, 1 part; defense of criminals, 1 part.

Fifteen years ago, real estate practice was the most lucrative branch of the calling. Ten thousand dollars a year was looked upon as a very small income for a lawyer who made it his specialty. Its following practically ceased with the organization of title-insurance companies. Their fees are less than the individual lawyer can afford to accept, their staff comprises counsel of the highest skill in this particular line, and, best of all, from the layman's standpoint, the company's financial responsibility is unquestioned in case an error is made. It is quite true that there now exist certain law firms claiming to do a real estate business; but, in nearly every instance, it will be found that their work is loaning funds of clients or of members upon bonds and mortgages. But even the "loan" business has been cut into by the title corporations, many of which are now engaged in selling bonds and mortgages of which they guarantee payment of principal and interest.

One of the few strongholds in the real estate line still left to the lawyer in a large city is the representation of clients whose property is being condemned for the opening or widening of streets. This is usually done upon a contingent basis, the attorneys receiving a percentage of the amount recovered. Competition in this field is exceedingly keen, and it is not considered beneath the dignity of a most reputable firm to employ agents for the purpose of obtaining retaining contracts from property owners, the moment proceedings are considered. Certain changes which will materially interfere with the pursuit of this line of business are, however, being discussed by many municipalities.

Corporations have ceased to be appreciable factors, owing to the organization of various "incorporation companies," one of which, for $50, plus State fees, will organize a company, and for $25 per year will thereafter provide an office for directors' meetings, write the minutes, prepare the annual reports, and attend to the various details which the particular State statute makes obligatory.—Success.

Track-Laying by Machine.

A new machine for laying railroad tracks is being used in Pennsylvania. It has proved itself capable, with a crew of 40 men, of putting down two miles of track in a day. The track-layer has a huge crane, 60 feet long, which projects forward over the road, and it hauls behind it a train of 16 flat cars loaded with ties and rails. A continuous double line of the latter moves forward over rollers and carries the ties with it. Both rails and ties are seized at the proper point by the machinery and placed on the road in front of the train, where they shortly form part of the track over which it passes. This device is said to be the most rapid and the most economical mechanical track-layer invented.—Success.